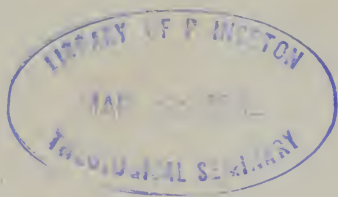


The
CHRONICLE
of the
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1927

TO BE TAKEN WITH
CONFIDENCE



I-7

TO BE RETURNED
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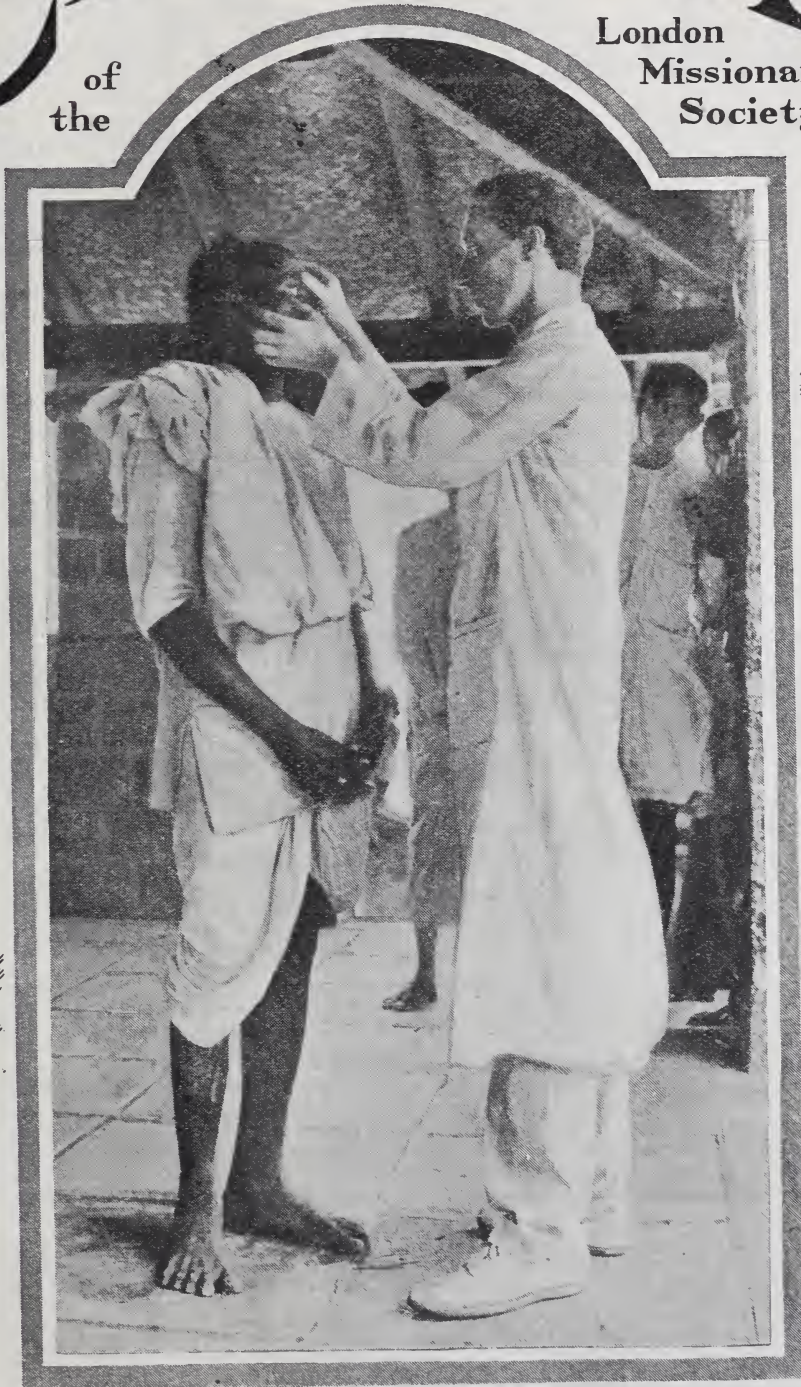
PRICE TWOPENCE

The CHRONICLE

of the London Missionary Society

"HE SENT
THEM
FORTH TO
PREACH
THE
KINGDOM
OF GOD
AND
TO HEAL
THE SICK"

LUKE IX. 2.



"THE BLIND
RECEIVE
THEIR
SIGHT,
AND THE
LAME
WALK, THE
LEPERS
ARE
CLEANSED"

MATT. XI. 5.

Dr. Driver examining a patient's eyes at Jammalamadugu, South India

Medical Missions Number

:: ANNOUNCEMENTS ::

THE REGISTER

Arrivals

Rev. J. S. and Mrs. Wasson, from Hwangpei, Central China, December 11th.

Dr. Agnes E. Towers and Miss E. Lane, from Shanghai, December 15th.

Dr. Hilda M. Pollard, from Erode, South India, December 26th.

Rev. H. Sumitra, B.A., from Bellary, South India, January 1st.

Departures

Rev. E. H. and Mrs. Feather, appointed to Samoa, per ss. *Berengaria*, December 29th.

Miss K. Morris, returning to Berhampur, North India, per ss. *Britannia*, December 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley V. Boxer and child, returning to Hankow, per ss. *Mantua*, December 31st.

Rev. W. F. Dawson, transferred to Tsangchow, North China, per ss. *Mantua*, from Marseilles, January 7th.

Rev. E. and Mrs. Box, proceeding to Egypt en route for Shanghai, per ss. *Razmah*, December 31st.

Rev. W. G. Murphy, transferred to Quilon, per ss. *City of Exeter*, January 3rd.

Miss A. A. Grierson, returning to Coimbatore, South India, from Genoa, January 7th.

Births

HUTCHINS.—On November 2nd, at Christchurch, New Zealand, to Rev. and Mrs. S. J. Hutchins, late of Rarotonga, a daughter.

SMITH.—On November 22nd, at Jammalamadugu, South India, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Maltus Smith, a son (Kenneth).

Marriage

THOMAS-STREETER.—On November 27th, at Madras, Bernard Thomas, M.A., (younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Latimer Thomas, of Bristol) to Marjorie Streeter, daughter of Mrs. and the late Mr. W. T. Streeter, of St. Johns Wood, London.

Deaths

NAYLOR.—On November 23rd, at Clent, near Stourbridge, Rev. John Naylor, B.A., formerly of Calcutta (1866-77), in his ninetieth year.

WALKER.—On December 29th, at Kwato, Papua, the Rev. F. W. Walker, founder of Papuan Industries, Ltd., formerly of L.M.S. (1888-1902), aged 66.

MILLEDGE.—On December 31st, at Bromley, Kent, Mary Amelia Milledge, widow of Rev. P. Milledge, and eldest daughter of Rev. James Sibree, D.D., of Madagascar, aged 52.

Watchers' Prayer Union

NEW BRANCHES.

AUXILIARY.	CHURCH.	SECRETARY.
Hants Ringwood ..	Mrs. Shearer.
Hull Zion, Cotting-ham.	Miss Wright.
Southport Ainsdale ..	Miss C. L. Ware.
Cricklewood Edgware ..	Miss R.V. Christie.
St. Helen's Toll Bar ..	Mr. Willcock.
St. Helen's Gerrard's Bridge.	Miss Hammersley.
Weymouth Radipole ..	Mrs. A. E. Roberts
Wolverhampton	.. Wombourne ..	Miss C. Bambery.
Croydon South Croydon	Miss E. Howell.
Fylde Blackpool, Alexandra Rd.	—
Hull Beverley ..	Mr. T. S. Walgate.
Northants Paulerspury ..	Miss G. Vincent.
Manchester Broad Street, Pendleton.	Mrs. M'Cardell.
Stratford Brickfields ..	Miss Bellchambers

Monthly Prayer Meeting

The M.A.C. Prayer Meeting will be held in the Committee Room (top floor) at 48, Broadway, on Friday, February 18th, and will be conducted by Mrs. Lobjoit, Secretary of the Thames Valley Group of the M.A.C.

Luncheons for Business Men

At the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

Wednesday, February 2nd.—Speaker: H. Wilson Harris, Esq., M.A. Subject: "Is disarmament possible?"

Wednesday, February 16th.—Speaker: Shoran S. Singha, Esq., B.A. Subject: "Impressions of a recent visit to Serbia."

These luncheons will continue fortnightly up to and including April 6th. Printed programmes may be obtained on application to Rev. S. J. Cowdy, L.M.S., 48, Broadway, S.W.1. The lunches are from 1 to 2 p.m. sharp. Charge 1s. 6d.

Luncheons for Women

In the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C.4, 1 to 2 p.m. prompt. Charge 1s. 6d.

February 9th (Wednesday).—"The American Negro To-day." Speaker: Miss Winifred Cramp (Society of Friends.).

February 23rd (Wednesday).—"Organising Peace." Speaker: H. Wilson Harris, Esq., M.A. (League of Nations Union).

Our Stamp Bureau

Are you starting a stamp collection for your boy?

Gifts of good stamps for sale are always welcome. Collectors are invited to write for selections. All proceeds go to the funds of the L.M.S.

Mr. T. H. Earl, 4, Westcliffe, Kendal.

ABOUT REMITTANCES TO THE L.M.S.

HOW TO REMIT.—It is requested that all Remittances be made to the Rev. W. Nelson Bitton, Home Secretary, at 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1; and that if any gifts are designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be stated. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders (which should be crossed) made payable at the General Post Office.

TO LOCAL TREASURERS.—It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED that money for the Society's use may be forwarded in instalments as received, and not retained until the completion of the year's accounts. This would reduce the Bank loans upon which interest has to be paid. The Society's financial year ends March 31st.

LOANS TO THE SOCIETY.

With the view of reducing the large amount which is paid in interest on Bank Loans, the Directors wish to state that it would be a great financial help if friends of the Society were prepared to advance sums of £100 and upwards free of interest for periods of not less than three months. In the case of advances for unfixed periods repayments could be made at ten days' notice.

THE CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society

FEBRUARY, 1927

THE PADRE M.D.

Shepherd of Udaipur

*"There is a saying in Upper India, that the more desolate the country, the greater the certainty of finding a Padre Sahib. The proverb seems to hold good in Udaipur, where the Scotch Presbyterian Mission has a post. . . To arrive under Providence at the cure of souls through the curing of bodies certainly seems the rational method of conversion; and this is exactly what the missions are doing."**—RUDYARD KIPLING.

WHO was this padre, also an M.D., who caught the keen eye of Mr. Rudyard Kipling? We can discover him in the admirable book, "Shepherd of Udaipur," which has lately been written by George Carstairs, B.D.

James Shepherd, like so many missionaries, was of Aberdeenshire stock. He owed much to his own home, in which a strong and practical piety reigned. Amongst the other influences which shaped him in early life was the Bible Class to which he belonged. A certain Miss Melville through this class had a wonderful influence on boys and girls. No less than five of her pupils are foreign missionaries:—Dr. Laws of Livingstonia, Mrs. Laws, Dr. Webster of Manchuria, Rev. Cruickshank of Old Calabar, and James Shepherd. Laws and Shepherd became great friends, and studied medicine and surgery together.

In due time, after qualifying, he went out under the United Presbyterian Church to Rajputana. In Udaipur, the City on the Lake, he made his home for more than forty years, and it was there that his name became a household word with the people in the city and with the Bhils in the countryside.

Not only did he practise his own work as a doctor. Becoming ordained, he was a diligent and faithful pastor

of the Christian congregation in the city. An all-round sportsman, he entered heartily into every kind of game. He was an excellent horseman, and rode to his cases in the



Udaipur; A Gate of the City

* Quoted in "Shepherd of Udaipur." Livingstone Bookshop, 7s. 6d. Postage 4d.

city; a fine cricketer, and at tennis he played a good game till he was over seventy years of age. He was no less keen on rowing and yachting, and on the lake, over which he looked from his bungalow, he won great fame as a fisher.

But it was not for these things that the Indians came to revere him. They found in him their friend and deliverer in the hour of panic, when plague or influenza attacked them. If one picture must be chosen of his early days in the mission, it must be the picture of the young doctor fighting the most awe-inspiring of the scourges that attack India, the disease of cholera.

"The seizure is so sudden," the biographer says, "the course of the disease so swift, the result so frequently fatal, that sheer terror takes possession of the people. The risk, especially in those days when preventive inoculation was unknown, was extremely great. We all admire the courage of the soldier who steels himself to enter into battle. It must require no less courage for a doctor to face all the perils which, he knows only too well, surround him while, hour after hour, he works among cholera patients. Dr. Shepherd used to tell how many a morning, as he stood on the veranda waiting for his pony to be brought round, he found himself trembling with nervousness, with fear of what he had to face. But no sooner did he reach the scene of his work, and see again the distress and suffering, than all fear left him. Terrible sights there were. A woman collapsed by the roadside in the last extremities. Shepherd picked her up, all befouled as she was, and carried her in his own arms into the hospital. A *dhobi* or washerman stood knee-deep in the lake beside his bungalow. There was a shriek of terror. The man had suddenly realised that he was smitten. He staggered ashore and collapsed with terror and with weakness. In a few hours he was dead. A certain temple priest had always been hostile to the mission. As Dr. Shepherd passed down the street he was told that this poor man, in the extremity of his sickness, had crawled into a dark culvert through which passes an open drain. He was too weak to come out, and, knowing the hideous risk of contact, no one would go in to him. Shepherd at once crawled in, dragged him out and tended him.

"The summer passed, and with the

coming of the rains the scourge was stayed. But it had left the missionary very weary and more than ever needful of his furlough. He was not the man to complain. Indeed, though he often used to speak in later years of the horrors of that fight with cholera, the only reference to it in his annual report to the Home Church is the very bald statement: 'With the exception of an epidemic of cholera, which broke out in April last, there has not been any serious disease prevalent in the city.' But his colleagues in Rajputana knew what he had been through, and insisted on his taking furlough."

Before he left for his furlough, he received an address from the public officials and many of the leading men of the city, which shows as well as anything can show how the medical missionary opens a way for the Christian Gospel.

"SIR, In all the world there is nothing so worthy of memory as a good name, and they who have obtained this excellence have obtained it only by labour. Before you came amongst us, the people generally would have nothing to do with English medicines. The reason of this was twofold, namely, ignorance, and the restraints of religion; and the consequence was that hundreds of lives were needlessly sacrificed. In the year of Jesus 1877, when you opened a mission dispensary here, this great blessing was bestowed upon the people that they began to appreciate English medicines, and they acquired such thorough confidence in you that they began to send even their wives and daughters to be treated at your hospital; and so a beginning of progress was made, and thousands of people were saved from death. In the year of Jesus, 1882, when there was an epidemic of cholera in the city, by your labours and care for the people in the lanes of the city, you abundantly showed that sympathy with the people is a characteristic of European gentlemen. The people are in grief at your departure, but thinking it not right that they should give large expression to their grief, they pray that God may take you in safety to your native land, and bring you quickly back to us in renewed health and strength."

During his furlough he collected means for building a hospital, which is now known as the Shepherd Hospital. It was "a very

model of neatness and comfort," from which he waged war against all manner of diseases.

"The faith which sends a man into the wilderness," Mr. Rudyard Kipling says, "and the secular energy which enables him to cope with an ever-growing demand for medical aid must in time find their reward. If patience and unwearying self-sacrifice carry any merit, they should do so soon. To-day the people are willing enough to be healed, and the general influence of the Padre Sahib is very great. But beyond that . . . still, it was impossible to judge aright."

The medical missionary has often to work in faith with no visible results for his labours in the spiritual conversion of men. But all the evidence shows that such faith is never lost. Such a man was James Shepherd for forty years in the City by the Lake.

The whole instinct of this man, we are told, was toward kindness. He could not bear to see suffering in man, woman or child. A whole lifetime of dealing with pain left him as sensitive to the pity of it as when he began. There was a sternness in him also. He could not tolerate cruelty to animals. One day as he was going to the hospital, Shepherd met a Brahmini bull in a horrible condition. It had lost an eye through some fight or accident, and the great hollow eye-socket was one suppurating sore filled with flies. It must have gone untended for many days.

Shepherd rounded on the people for the sham of religion that made them worship the cow, yet let this poor beast suffer agonies and lift no hand to help. He made them drive it into the hospital compound, had it fastened with ropes, and then washed and dressed and bandaged up its wound.

When his biographer seeks the reason which kept him at the task without tiring through all these years, he discovers it in the simple piety of his soul. He had a faith, based on the old evangelical foundation, that was singularly free from doubts. He had little gift of self-expression. In the presence of God he was simple and humble as a little child. "It was this simple faith that transformed what might have been a commonplace or only moderately distinguished career into something beautiful and great."

Someone remarked of him in Udaipur that in his presence there was a conscience in the State of an increasingly higher level, for in the eyes of Udaipur he stood for all that was upright and honourable and kindly.

This is a picture of one doctor in the mission field, and in the story of one we can read the story of many who, like Dr. Shepherd, bring into the life of a strange people the love that binds all nations together, and while they practise the cure of the body, are seeking always the redemption of the soul.

THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S MEDICAL MISSIONS

The L.M.S. sent out Dr. Lockhart, the first British Protestant Medical Missionary to China. At Neyoor, in Travancore, we are responsible for the largest Medical Mission in the world. A striking feature of the work is the rapid growth of a qualified Asiatic staff. The Indian and Chinese doctors have all appeared in the last ten years.

To-day in India, China, Africa and Madagascar

Hospitals and Leper Asylums	39
British Doctors and Nurses	53
Indian and Chinese Doctors	49
Indian and Chinese Nurses	253
Patients relieved last year	337,000

These patients and their friends meet a large part of the cost. Will you help to pay the rest? The home subscribers are asked to contribute £10,000 yearly.

Gifts may be sent to the Rev. NELSON BITTON, Home Secretary, L.M.S.,
48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1.

MEDICAL MISSION WEEK.

February 13th is the day on which the Special Week of Prayer, Thanksgiving and Self-Denial on behalf of the Society's Hospitals, Dispensaries and Leper Asylums will begin.

A Talk on Tsangchow and Siaochang

Interviewing
Dr. Sidney Peill

Three brothers have been linked with the history of these stations in a way which has no parallel in the Society's history. The name of Arthur Peill, who died, is known and loved, especially by those who have read "The Beloved Physician." Since his time Ernest and Sidney Peill have carried on at Tsangchow and Siaochang with rare devotion. All three have been doctors, and much more than doctors, as the following notes of a talk with Sidney Peill will show.

"YOU have been twenty-one years at Tsangchow, Dr. Peill. It is, I believe, a place of great need and opportunity?"

"Our two country centres on the Chihli plain in North China are the only Christian missions in an area as large as that of Scotland and a population of seven and a half millions, living in thousands of villages."

"What sort of people are they?"

"Village peasants, the poorest people in the world; seventy per cent. of them live on the verge of starvation. They depend upon two crops a year and work hard to raise them. Theirs is a fight against famine and death. In normal times bandits harry them, and the recent civil wars have added to their sorrows. There was a battle thirty miles from Tsangchow last autumn. Our hospital was already full, but we took another forty of the worst casualties from the battlefield."

"What happens to those who do not reach the hospital?"

"The Chinese armies have a kind of medical service, but it is humane in intention rather than in effect owing to the absence of skilled men. For example, our gatekeeper's son, without any proper training, was made an officer in the army medical service."

"Is there any prejudice against your work?"

"At the time of the Boxer rising the Dowager Empress issued posters showing us engaged in horrible cruelties such as gouging out eyes. As these seven millions of field

labourers are illiterate, the prejudice caused by such means takes a long time to die out. But prejudice is not so great an obstacle as poverty. We have only one railway in the area; the rough tracks along which our springless carts jolt the patients are infested with bandits. It is an expensive matter getting to a hospital. We find that less than

one per cent. of those who need hospital treatment and are willing to receive it are able to get to us. We do our best to meet this. We have tried charging patients 25 per cent. of the running expenses of the hospital (other than salaries), and then we got an average of 500 to 800 inpatients a year in each hospital.



Tsangchow Peasants wantonly attacked by soldiers. The older man had been bayoneted in the abdomen two weeks before the photograph was taken

If we increase the charge the number drops at once. If we decrease it we are overwhelmed with patients."

"I suppose the people suffer from want of knowledge as well as from want of means?"

"Yes. The infant mortality from tetanus, for example, is very great. The people do not know the danger of using mud for plasters. One man came to us with sinuses in the neck, which had been discharging for several months. It was called 'the mouse disease.' I asked him whether he had tried a cat. 'Yes,' he said, 'I have eaten several.' In our area foot-binding is as prevalent as ever. I had five amputation cases in one ward at the same time. They were all due to the custom of binding the feet of young girls."

"How are you carrying the healing gospel into the villages?"

A Talk on Tsangchow and Siochang

"When there are two doctors at the station, one of them goes touring with carts. Everything needed for six weeks has to be carried along with us. Arrived at a centre, we give alternate days to operations and to new patients, of whom there are up to 100 in a day. Thus we reach some of those who cannot come to Tsangchow, and touring affords a great evangelistic opportunity. Our hope is that we may be able to organise a plan of self-help for these villages, which are far too many for us to reach. We want the people to send their own medical students to college for training and to sustain them when they are qualified, by a payment of one dollar a year per family. By this means much more can be done. Christian students will do this work, but there is little hope of non-Christian Chinese doctors; these will go where there are people of means who will pay well for Western healing. The Christian Chinese doctors for whom we are looking will help tremendously to remedy the callous indifference which Chinese show when common humanity is needed. At one place a man said to me, 'In this village there is not a single person who would give five dollars if he knew it would save 100 lives.' In Britain it would be possible to say that *every man* would give such a sum to secure such a result. That marks the difference in outlook. The gospel must travel with the healer in China, or the healing will not get far."

"The use of phonetic script is

helping the more rapid spread of the Gospel, is it not?"

"There are about 300 villages in the two districts in which there are now little communities of Christians and inquirers. The people are not baptized until they can read and pass a stiff examination in the New Testament. Our new phonetic script enables Chinese to learn to read in a few days. We taught 200 patients to read the Scriptures by this means in the wards of the Tsangchow hospital, in 1924. It is going through the villages, and will enable the Christian communities to sustain their spiritual life. But facing those seven millions, we feel we need hundreds of evangelists, Chinese with medical knowledge and the Scriptures, to accept the challenge which this vast, almost overwhelming opportunity for service presents to us."



Miss Howard treating children's eyes for trachoma

Students of the World

THE Student Christian Movement once again invites its friends in all the churches to join with its members throughout the world in the observance of the Universal Day of Prayer for Students. In practically every land Student Christian Movements are at work to lead students to Christ and His service. Let one fact only be quoted, thrilling enough in itself, to anyone with imagination and a memory of the past. In the midst of all the turmoil in China there were last year 18,000 students in Bible Study Groups. In such facts lies the hope of the future. Pray for them and their fellow students throughout the world on Sunday, February 20th.

Livingstone in the School

LIVINGSTONE Celebrations are being organised in March by our Scottish friends in connection with the proposed purchase of Livingstone's birthplace as a National Memorial.

For the purpose of these Celebrations, the Livingstone Press is issuing, among other suitable publications:

An "Order of Service" for Sunday afternoon, including a story for the Leader's use (price 3d., postage 1d.), and an "Order of Service" for Scholars' use as above, but without the story (price 1d.).

This "Order of Service" will be good to use at any time.

World Welfare

Shanghai—Suicides

IN one hospital at Shanghai the staff were called upon to deal with 705 women and 274 men who had attempted suicide. That casts some light upon the life of the Chinese at Shanghai.

Tientsin—Carols and Guns

WHILE the Christmas entertainment was proceeding in the Mackenzie Memorial Hospital, Tientsin, they could hear the heavy guns booming, and blending their roar with the Christmas carols. But Christmas goes on.

Betsileo—Lepers

THE leper asylum can never meet all the needs in Betsileo. The Malagasy lepers themselves are most generous in their giving. They love their chapel, and seek to make their homes beautiful, and many of them are received into the Church of Christ.

Erode—Cholera checked

AT Erode there was a serious outbreak of cholera, but thanks to the prompt action of the hospital, the disease was checked. A year or two ago in one of the Indian villages in this area 50 people died from cholera, and this year only one.

Mbereshi—Beds Full

THE ten beds in the hospital have been occupied nearly all the year round. Over 2,500 patients have been helped or healed in the out-patient department, and in addition to this much injection work has been done for the treatment of tropical diseases at this Central African station.

Hankow—Opium revival

FROM Hankow it is reported that there has been great increase in the growth of the sale of opium. Lamps and pipes for smoking have never been seen on the streets so openly as now, and many business houses offer opium to their customers like tea or tobacco. There have been a larger number of opium suicides than ever before.

Samoa enjoys health

THERE is a great improvement in the health of Samoa, thanks to the Government Medical Department, with which the mission works in close co-operation.

There is no longer suspicion on the part of the people. Four years ago the Samoans, we are told, were a sick people, now the majority enjoy health.

At Jiaganj—A terrible disease

AT Jiaganj, North India, one of the enemies to be fought is Kala-Azar. This terrible disease struck down one of the three staff nurses who had entered the hospital in 1919. The patients come from all sides to the hospital, some by rail, others by horse, buffalo, or bullock conveyance. In the Dispensary there were during the year more than 8,000 new cases.

A Museum of Medical Science

MISSIONARIES and students ought to know that the Wellcome Bureau of Scientific Research at 25-28, Endsleigh Gardens, Gordon Square, W.C., includes a well-equipped museum in which are displayed in a striking way diseases and their treatment. People going to tropical lands will find it specially valuable. Dr. Daukes—at the museum—is ready to conduct parties of students round the exhibits by arrangement.

Travancore—Embroidery helps health

FOR many years Mrs. Arthur Parker has presided over an embroidery industry in Travancore. Out of the profits 10,000 rupees were contributed to the cost of new buildings, new wards for women patients, and a large midwifery operating room at Neyoor. Before Mr. and Mrs. Parker left Travancore on their retirement, they were able to be present at the opening ceremony, and it was fitting that this should be performed by Mrs. Parker herself.

Port Moresby's Policeman

AT Port Moresby, in Papua, Miss Schinz is busy not only attending to patients but in teaching the people some of the rules of health. She had one valuable ally in the village policeman. It is pleasant to think of the policeman not only as attending to wrong doers, but as teacher of hygiene among primitive peoples. Miss Schinz has also introduced baby welfare, and every day twenty-five babies or more have been in attendance. It is a useful work also to have classes for instruction in health both in the day school and in the Sunday school.

The Romance of Uganda

By R. E. Doggett

It is a pleasure to have from the pen of Miss Doggett, of the Church Missionary Society, this account of the Uganda Mission in its year of Jubilee, and to join with the sister Society in celebrating the occasion. All churches are enheartened by the record of the strong progressive life of the church in Uganda.

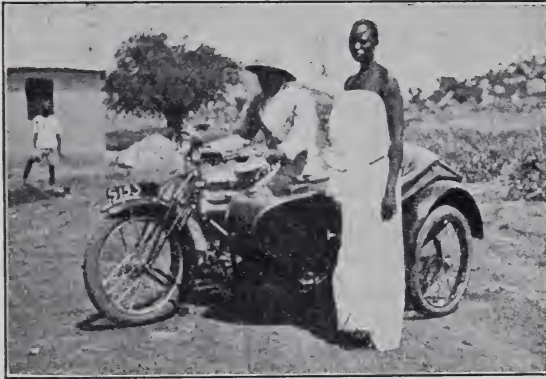
THERE are few more romantic stories in missionary history than that of the Uganda Mission of the Church Missionary Society, a Mission which celebrates its jubilee this year.

Two years after the death of Livingstone, another Christian explorer, H. M. Stanley, who had learnt from the great missionary something of the pathos and possibilities of the African peoples, set out to re-visit Africa. He had resolved to cross the continent from East to West, and in due course his travels brought him to Uganda, a country about the size of Great Britain and nearly 700 miles from the coast. Stanley was greatly impressed with the country and its people. Here was a king powerful and intelligent, though cruel and tyrannical, one of a long line of rulers who had built up a system of organised government unique in Middle Africa. This king felt himself to be stronger and wiser than the neighbouring chiefs or kings, and gravely inquired of one of the first white men he met whether there was any power in the world equal to his! Yet he was not unaware that there might be much for him still to learn, and when Stanley spoke to him of the Great God he turned a ready ear and begged that the white man would send teachers to him and his people. Stanley embodied this request in a letter addressed to the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*, the two papers which had sent him out. The letter he entrusted to a Belgian officer who was in charge of an expedition. Shortly afterwards this officer was attacked and murdered, and it was a search-party which discovered the letter tucked away in his long riding-boot and sent it on its way.

A Challenge Answered

Immediately the letter was published the C.M.S. Committee received an anonymous

gift of £5,000 to enable them to take up the challenge. Other gifts followed, and within a week the Committee had decided to send a mission to Uganda, feeling convinced that recruits would not be lacking. Their faith was justified, and within six months a party of men—naval officer, clergyman, doctor, architect, engineer, builder and artisan—were ready to start. Death, disease and hardship took heavy toll of the party, and by the end of the next year only two—Wilson and Mackay—remained in Uganda. However, they were soon joined by others, undaunted by the tremendous difficulties which confronted the African pioneer of those days.



A Chief and his Wife with Motor Cycle and Side Car

When Bishop Hannington, while on his way to take up the leadership of the Mission in 1885, was murdered on the borders of Uganda, this only served to call out fifty more recruits for C.M.S. Missions in East and Central Africa. And so the tale has gone on,

until in the fifty years nearly three thousand C.M.S. missionaries have served in Uganda for longer or shorter periods.

Fifty Years Later

Turn to Uganda to-day and what do we see? A strong, self-supporting, missionary hearted Church, ministered to by seventy-one African clergy and a much smaller number of C.M.S. missionaries. The work which was begun at the capital when the first missionaries arrived in 1877, and which at one time seemed in danger of being destroyed by the fires of persecution, has spread throughout the country and beyond its borders. The coming of the Gospel has affected the whole social life of the country. Cruel customs have disappeared; slavery has been abolished; the rights of the poor are beginning to be respected; the position of women is being raised; home life is being built up; in fact

everywhere the old order is giving place to the new. Progress has been amazingly rapid. Thousands every year are begging to be prepared for baptism, and the schools are thronged by those who see in them the first steps towards a larger, fuller life. But such demands bring their problems. African leaders and teachers cannot be trained in a day or in a year, and latterly the foreign missionary staff has been far too small to cope with the task. We have to recognise, too, that "the African is quick to accept and quick

to lose Christianity," and the new influences which are flooding the country through contact with Western civilisation, bringing great temptations to an impressionable people. Uganda's wealth has advanced by leaps and bounds through the development of cotton growing, and the people find themselves to-day faced by altogether new conditions of life.

The Government, which through wise administration has contributed largely to the health and well-being of the country, is fully alive to the responsibility of providing sound education.

It is prepared to welcome the fullest co-operation of the C.M.S. and R.C. Missions, and by generous grants to help them to maintain and develop the Christian schools which have done so much in the past. Uganda in its jubilee year is sending a new and urgent plea for Christian teachers from England who in the spirit of the early pioneers will carry on the work which they began.



The present Uganda Cathedral : In the foreground Schoolboys are giving a Drill Display

Borrowed
from
C.M.S.

BREVITIES

Kawimbe—Yaws Attacked

SO great is the trust of the Africans in the mission nowadays, that when new patients come they kneel down like a class of well drilled children, expecting the needle which makes the injection. The majority of patients are treated for tropical diseases. The disease of yaws, which is very widely prevalent, is treated with great success. More than one thousand cases were treated, for instance, in the quarterly visit to Kasanga. During the year forty-seven lepers had received the new treatment, and had responded well and quickly. Twenty-eight have been in the camp, where they live very happily together, and work in the gardens. This year there has been a new village built for them in the form of a square, a large compound in the middle where they can sit out in the moonlight nights with comparative safety.

Blind for Twenty-nine Years

A MAN came to Tsangchow who had been sightless for twenty-nine years; he brought with him his two elder sons, and they were all led on a string by a younger son who could see. Dr. Feng—a locally trained man—operated for cataract, and all received their sight. The youngest son learned to read the New Testament by the phonetic system in two weeks.

A Suggestion for Lent

A NUMBER of churches now make a practice of arranging special series of sermons and lectures during the weeks of Lent. Why not this year have a series dealing with India? In connection with *Doings and Dreams*, a booklet, price 4d., has been issued containing suggestions and specimen programmes.

A Doctor's Chronicle

By Edward F. Wills, M.B., C.M.,
Tsao Shih, Central China



Y breakfast over, I sallied forth to the Hospital; it was Sunday, 9 o'clock, warm damp July weather. The road had three stretcher ambulances outside, the usual sofa turned upside down filled with straw and packed with a patient, poles fixed either side and so

carried from the house. The waiting room had about thirty waiting for dressings and were got through as fast as we could—a baby needed chloroform, and the painful abscess had cocaine and exhortations that it didn't hurt.

About 12 o'clock the crowd had melted; we were also melting like toffee in a warm country post office window. The others went off to Sunday School and I went to a ward to give a short Gospel talk.

There were eight beds, some wanderers from the other wards and a few friends. "Yes, we don't put up any object to worship; no idol, he is but wood and mud; not heaven and earth—they are our home—not ancestral tablets; our great Ancestor is the Heavenly Father. You have heard of Him and how He came as a man, Jesus, to this earth. This is how He ended His life"—(a brief description of the Crucifixion, the two thieves, the mocking crowd and priests; and lastly the penitent thief). "Now that is why we call this book a Gospel, a 'Happy Sound,' because, was it not truly music to hear that that evening he would be in Heaven?"

The onlookers, whose respectability started at the belt—for it was very warm—gave us a sympathetic hearing. I went off

to church, through streets with wrecked houses either side, burnt by bandits three years ago. We had about fifty to service, and Pastor "White," after a vigorous sermon on the Gadarene, took the Communion service; individual cups bought on the street, held in a wooden frame made locally; the wine, made from locally bought raisins; the bread was healthy wholemeal native bread, superior to the white bread used at home. Our brown bread was far nearer what Jesus broke, than the refined—and enfeebled—bread of a typical Church at home. We then had a hymn, our little organ played its loudest, but next door there was a funeral and they had hired two brass-throated-rubber-lunged trumpeters who played at intervals. One might have been distracted, but it is wonderful what can be got used to. Be thankful there were not two tinsmiths outside hammering paraffin tins into tin rings; be grateful there was no wedding procession, setting everyone on the jumps and deafening far beyond a funeral. The house of mourning was, as Solomon says, to be desired. We ate our bread together, we drank our grape juice or raisin water together, and I for one, coming straight from offering the Eternal Covenant to my heathen patients, realised the Unspeakable Gift. My relatives, at home of course, were not keeping the Communion Sunday, as we were going by the Moon Calendar, and they by the Sun Calendar. But at the simple little feast it is wonderful how distance vanishes; and though I am the only European for fifty miles, I was in a family circle. Could anything but the Gospel produce such a feeling to send one back to the house thoroughly satisfied. Mr. "White," whom I had known as a heathen, conducted the service in a beautiful manner. I hope no one will feel moved to present us with a slap up-to-date Western Communion set; for I doubt if we should so clearly discern The Body and The Blood.

Swanwick, 13th-19th August, 1927

Chairmen, Rev. McEwan Lawson and Miss D. Mack Smith. The Devotional sessions will be taken by Rev. F. H. Ballard, of Bristol. Fee £3, including registration fee of 7s. 6d. Registration forms will be ready in March next. Railway vouchers for reduced rail fare will be issued for this Conference.

Leaders' Conference

A Conference for Missionary Leaders and Campaign Officers will be held at High Leigh, Herts, from August 26th-29th, 1927. Fee £1 12s. 6d., including registration fee of 7s. 6d. Week-end tickets will be available for this Conference. Registration forms will be obtainable next March.

"HONOUR A PHYSICIAN"

By Edward Shillito

Honour a physician with the honour due unto him for the uses which ye may have of him ; for the Lord hath created him.

For of the most High cometh healing, and he shall receive honour of the King.—Ecclesiasticus, chap. xxxviii.

I

Why Exempt Medical Missions ?

THERE are some critics who make an exception of Medical Missions. Lord Inchcape, in a letter written to *The Times*, says :

"Some of the letters I have received speak of the good which medical missionaries do. I said nothing about them." But why not ? These men, no less than the preachers, evangelists, teachers, are servants of Christ, whose one purpose is to carry the good news of Jesus Christ to men. Is it that they do not disturb the minds of the Indians and Chinese and Japanese ? But this they most certainly do. The introduction of modern medicine marks a revolution not only in the conditions of physical health, but also in the interpretation of nature, and life and death. And when at the head of this revolution is set the name of Jesus Christ, one can scarcely imagine anything that should kindle more the indignation of critics, such as Lord Inchcape. The medical missionaries do not seek exemption or preferential treatment. Whatever reproach there is, they share. And we should dishonour them if we treated them as though they were privileged. As a matter of fact, there are no missionaries with a stronger and warmer faith in the Gospel than the doctors and nurses who go abroad in the name of Christ. We in the L.M.S. have only to think of Dr. Moss and Dr. Davenport, who have been taken from us in recent years, to be reminded how the very springs of their life were in God.

II

To the Man who will Give to Medical Missions and no other

We are grateful to all who give according to the light which they have. If any of our readers feel that they can give to Medical Missions but that so far they cannot give

with a good conscience to other methods, the Society will welcome their gifts. At the same time, it would not be fair to the Medical Missionaries to put the "missionary," when it refers to them, in small type or in brackets. There are many methods which are used by the servants of Christ who cross the seas. One man gives all his time to evangelistic work ; another trains evangelists, and in training them must teach languages or mathematics ; another translates, or compiles grammars and dictionaries ; another is a leader in the social life of the people ; and another heals the sick and fights disease. There are many operations, but one Spirit. It is not as though some talked and others did things. The doctor would be the last to let it be supposed that he is the practical man and his colleagues are mere dreamers. The missionaries are a team. There are no truer members of the team than the doctors and nurses ; but they are loyal to the team, and without the others they know that they could not do their part. We honour the physicians, but always as loyal servants of Christ.

III

Facing the Problem of Pain

"The natives who live in the bosom of nature are never so ill as we are and do not feel pain so much.' That is what my



The Witch-Doctor vanquished

Part of a crowd of African lepers waiting for the new successful treatment

"Honour a Physician"

friends used to say to me, to try to keep me at home, but I have come to see that such statements are not true. Out here there prevail most of the diseases which we know in Europe, and several of them—those hideous ones, I mean, which we brought here—produce, if possible, more misery than they do amongst us. And the child of nature feels them as we do, for to be human means to be subject to the power of that terrible lord whose name is Pain." These words should remind us that the doctor who goes into Africa and other lands where such suffering is found, is more than the agent of our compassion. He stands up in the face of Pain with a word of deliverance and hope. Other religions have capitulated to Pain. The Christian Gospel, which has its burning centre in the Cross, does not surrender to it or flee from it. To man in his agony it brings the healing resources which are in this earth, and it tells him at the same time that he may suffer with Christ, and make of his suffering something new and wonderful and redeeming.

IV

A New Earth

"And he hath given men skill that he might be honoured in his marvellous works.

"With such doth he heal men and taketh away their pains.

"Of such doth the apothecary make a confection; and of his works there is no end, and from him is peace over all the earth."

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth." For that vision in all its beauty we must wait. But in some measure wherever Christ comes there is a new earth. When Christ draws near in the healing touch of the physician there comes a new light upon earth. It is seen to be rich with sacraments of life. Man has never doubted that he dwelt in the presence of forces and spirits unseen; but for the most part these have been dark and sinister to him, not friendly powers. Dr. Donald Fraser said that if he had to compile a creed for the African he would begin with the words "God is good." It is the peculiar task of the Medical Missionary to release in the hearts of men, new thoughts of God and of His working in this material earth. There are terrors in the earth; there are enemies whom man must fight; but he need not despair any longer. In Christ he knows One who shall deliver him from the bondage of corruption. Christ sets him beneath a new heaven and upon a new earth. This he can learn in many voices. But there is no surer way than that of the good physician.

Thanksgiving and Petition

Let us give thanks—

For the growth of Medical work in the Mission Field.

For the way in which it has helped to reveal Christ to the world.

For those who have given their lives in fighting disease and pain.

For the progress in the fight to rid the world of leprosy.

For the increasing use of missionary books.

Let us pray—

For additional doctors for the Mission Field.

For all engaged in Medical work, especially for those working in hospitals in the fighting areas in China.

For the forty-nine Chinese and Indian doctors serving in our L.M.S. hospitals.

For a generous response to the financial needs of the Society.



Bringing a Leper into Hospital, Central Africa

The Budget Board

Notes of the Directors' Meeting,
December 15th, 1926

THE Directors filled every seat in the Institute Hall of Westminster Congregational Church on December 15th. There was the Budget, the Benares Resolutions, a goodly company of missionaries, and the stone-laying ceremony to attract them.

The Budget

Mr. W. H. Somervell (treasurer) introduced the Budget for 1927-28, showing an estimated expenditure of £203,260, nearly £2,000 less than for the current year. Part of the needed income will be provided by legacies, investments and gifts from the mission stations, but most of it has to come from subscribers in Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand. The estimated contributions from Great Britain are £160,000.

The Directors at once approved the Budget and the Home Secretary drove home the responsibility so accepted: pointing out that the sum needed from the Home churches was not reached last year and could only be attained in the year to come by an earnest and united effort.

The Future of Benares

It is almost two years since the Directors of the L.M.S. passed the resolution: "That the work in Almora and Benares be relinquished in order to provide for the needs of the South and Calcutta, subject to the condition that arrangements be made for the transfer of the essential portions of the work to some other Missionary Society or similar body."

During the intervening time about two-thirds of the work covered by the Board's resolution has been handed over to other Societies. But it was reported to the Board from the India Committee, that so far no provision of this kind had been made for Benares, and the district north of the Ganges. It was still hoped that for the country work some arrangements might be made with other Societies, but there remained the work in the city of Benares.

On the one hand it was clear to the Directors that, in the interests of Mass Movements in the South, the resolution to relinquish this work must be adhered to; at the same time there was a great reluctance to abandon altogether the witness of the L.M.S. in Benares. The India Committee of the Board, in view of these considerations, had sought to discover whether a more effective evangelistic effort in Benares city

could be made, even though much work there should have to be relinquished.

There are other British Missionary Societies working in Benares—the Church Missionary Society, Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, and Zenana Bible and Medical Mission. It was resolved to get into touch with them to ascertain whether a joint attempt might be made to bear a Christian witness in a way suited to the special conditions of Benares. Tentative plans are under consideration for the creation of a band of picked evangelists, chiefly Indian, which will include in its number men from Bengal and the South, whence many pilgrims come.

The proposal was heartily welcomed by the Board, since it seemed to open up before the Society in fellowship with other Societies a plan for reaching in an Indian way the pilgrims who come to Benares. The missionaries in Benares are being asked to work out a detailed scheme along such lines. It was reported that amongst those who know Benares best, no more suitable heads for such a mission could be found than Mr. and Mrs. Jackson of the L.M.S. After a long discussion the resolution brought forward by the India Committee embodying these suggestions was passed by the Board.

The proposals will require an additional expenditure of £500 by the Society.

The Directors had a large company of missionaries present at the Board Meeting last week. They were as follows:

The Rev. Alex King, evangelistic missionary in Tientsin for thirty-seven years, retired in 1917. Mr. King resides in Canada.

Rev. T. W. Pearce, LL.D. (Hong Kong), returns to China, having already served forty-seven years there.

Rev. Ernest Box (Shanghai) returning to China (where he has been for thirty-six years), having happily overcome ill-health during furlough.

Mr. Stanley Boxer, of Griffith John College, Hankow, writer of "The Story of a Chinese Scout." He goes back to China after Deputation work which he found "bracing."

Mrs. R. K. Evans, the widow of R. K. Evans, of Union Medical College, Peking. She is going back to work she began when she was Janet Rees.

Mrs. E. R. Hughes, returning to Ting Chow, the remotest L.M.S. station in South China.

Mr. E. A. Harlow, appointed to Neyoor, where he will serve the Medical Mission as

The Budget Board

dispenser and business manager, was received with Mrs. Harlow and their baby—an unusual but welcome guest at the Board.

Rev. W. F. Dawson, returning to North China, the Rev. W. G. Murphy, Miss Kathleen Morris, Miss Mabel Few, and Miss Stanyon returning to India, are all being transferred to new stations.

Miss Annie Grierson goes back to Coimbatore, South India, where she has been since 1898, and the Rev. R. Brindley Evans is a recruit for Madagascar.

In addition to the Rev. Alex King, two other retiring missionaries met the Board—Rev. E. Pryce Jones, of Papua, and Rev. A. Hough, of Samoa. Both of them will continue their distinguished service abroad as advocates at home.

Laying the Memorial Stone

At noon, Directors, missionaries and

head-quarters staff met amidst the partly dismantled building behind the present offices to witness the laying of a stone of memorial. Sir Albert Spicer, presiding, recalled the fact that he laid the stone at 16, New Bridge Street, twenty-two years ago. Among active representatives of earlier Directorates Sir Albert is now the honoured senior.

Mr. W. H. Poate (Chairman of the Building Committee), to whose constant and close attention to the plans for the new house the Society is greatly indebted, then affixed the memorial stone, and Mr. W. H. Somervell, the Treasurer, shared in the operation. Mr. Somervell reminded those present that the building of the new head-quarters would not make any demands upon the General Funds of the Society, the sale of the New Bridge Street premises having provided the necessary capital.

The Position in China

HANKOW, the great mart of Central China, has long been known as an international port with vast trading interests. L.M.S. supporters think of it as a great evangelistic centre where churches and schools and hospitals are bearing their witness. More particularly do we think of Griffith John College and of the Jubilee building of the Religious Tract Society, from which during 1925 over six million books and tracts were sent out to all parts of China.

Recently a new situation has developed. The army of the Southern Chinese Republic, starting from Canton, has fought its way through Hunan and Hupeh and has taken from the Northern army Hankow, Han-yang and, after a protracted siege, Wu-chang. These three cities are only divided from one another by waterways, and the Chinese think of them as one city, giving to it the name of Wuhan. The new Government

In Mid-January

has announced that Wuhan is for the future to be their capital. They claim to have a constructive policy.

The foreign merchants in Hankow live in "concessions" that were leased in perpetuity by the former Chinese Government to the respective foreign Governments. The British concession is half a mile long on the left bank of the Yangtse River immediately adjoining the Chinese city. The new Chinese Government desires the return of these concessions.



In the British Concession, Hankow

Whatever may be the ultimate effect, the coming of a Revolutionary Government does not, in the first days, necessarily bring peace. Unruly elements may get out of hand. Cabled news from Hankow in the daily Press has told of anti-foreign agitation, strikes and mob violence.

There were British gunboats in the river, and from these marines were landed to do what they could to keep order in the concession, but with instructions that on no account were they to open fire or shed blood. These men acted with great judgment, doing their utmost to control the mob, but the numbers against them were overwhelming, and as guns might not be used it was necessary for them to retire to their boats.

On the evening of January 6th it was decided that the British women and children should leave at once for Shanghai. A little

later a similar decision was taken with regard to American women and children. In the few minutes allowed for preparation a few things were packed. Then came the journey to the river steamers. The night was dark. The way to the river was through a raging mob. We believe that all got safely to the boats, but coolies who would usually carry a bag for a few coppers now demanded from \$30 to \$150 for the same service. We shall look for details in letters from Hankow a little later. We are thankful to have had a cable saying that all our L.M.S. people are safe. Some are remaining at Hankow. Those who have gone to Shanghai will find preparations made to receive them.

Merchants, missionaries and many Chinese are involved in the same anxiety and sorrow. It is good to know that the British Charge d'Affaires from Peking, Mr. Owen O'Malley, is now at Hankow negotiating with the new Government. We trust that the result may mean a good understanding between the British and Chinese authorities, and that peace may soon be established once more in Central China.

* * * *

Since the above was written the British Foreign Office has cabled to the British Consuls in China advising that all missionaries should be withdrawn from country areas under the control of the Southern Government.

Wants Department

Miss Noble, of Jammalamadugu, would be greatly helped by the gift of a magic lantern for educational work.

The Rev. E. H. Lewis would be grateful for the gift of a gramophone for district work, also old and new copies of "Sankey's Songs and Solos," and George Barrett's "Congregational Hymnal," for use in the Bellary Boys' Home.

Miss B. E. Simmons asks for copies of Sankey's Hymn-Books (1,200 hymns edition) for use in the Girls' School—music copies, and one Tonic Sol-fa copy.

Dr. H. E. Wareham would greatly appreciate the gift of a lantern, and also a typewriter.

Mr. Bernard Thomas would be greatly helped by the gift of toys for the Boys' School at Salem.

The Rev. E. Baxter Riley would be glad of the gift of a second-hand Empire typewriter, also fifty copies of the "Congregational Hymnary," and Scripture lantern slides.

All intending donors are asked to write to the Secretary, Wants Department, L.M.S., 48, Broad way, Westminster, S.W.1., before sending gifts.



A reader in Shanghai.
The Chinese teacher who has taught many of our Missionaries the language.

Seen in the Waiting-Hall

By Hilda Byles, M.B., B.S.
(Hankow)



HERE were exclamations of "She has come" — "The foreign doctor has come," as I gently wound my way through the crowd in the waiting-hall. It was hot and the hall was full—which meant some 150 patients and a good many friends. The Bible-woman had been preaching some time and was now talking to a little group of women who had

each paid a copper for a Christian book. The children were clamouring for a picture, but knowing too well the fate of a picture after the first excitement of possession had worn off, she insisted on a copper for a book and a picture would be given with it!

There were many old friends to greet with a smile and a word. That old lady there had a tumour almost as large as herself taken away not long ago and life is a new thing to her now. She brings all her sick neighbours and friends and always has a joyful smile, for she is a "believer," and knows the peace of God in spite of wellnigh sixty years and a hard life of poverty.

And over there is a baby boy held in his mother's arms. She always wants to go in out of her turn, and gently but firmly I have to tell her that *her* ticket is No. 43 and she cannot go ahead of No. 21! She looks sad and one sympathises with her anxiety for he is her only boy and she is a widow. She is learning to put her trust in the great Father of all, but life is not easy for her and old superstitions and fears die hard.

Finally I work my way to the door, and as I reach the consulting-room the door is opened and a small girl comes out with a handkerchief to her mouth and smiling through her tears—and I know that she has said farewell to an aching tooth.

Inside, Dr. Yang has already seen some 20 or 30, and sitting on the form is one whom she is just admitting for operation. The patient looks at me joyfully, for the doctor has given her hope that that terrible growth which has made life miserable for years and for which she has spent wellnigh

all her substance on payments to native quacks and temples in a vain search for relief, may now be removed by the surgeon's knife, while she "sleeps" blissfully unconscious.

It is a constant stream of suffering humanity that comes to seek relief—some, alas! too late. It is hard to convince that elderly country woman that the swelling which disfigures her face and makes swallowing difficult is really irreparable. "It is not nearly as big as that one," she says, pointing to the woman just admitted for operation. "Ah! But *she* has more money! How much will you do it for? I am poor and cannot pay very much." In vain I assure her that no sum of money would persuade me to do it, and that if it could be done, she would only be asked to pay the cost of her food while in hospital. She confers with her family a moment and then, to my consternation, goes down on her knees and beseeches: "Foreign doctor, do good deeds, do good deeds." Only after the Chinese doctor and nurse and several of the patients have assisted, does she at length begin to understand, and with heavy hearts we watch her go—back the long journey to her country home. May the God of all



Chinese Doctor and Patient
Women's Hospital, Hankow

comfort, of Whom she has heard that day for the first time and the story of Whose Love is told in the little book she carries away with her, comfort *her*.

One after another—little children afraid of the foreigner, but soon comforted by the kind voice of Dr. Yang ; old women who are amazed to find our language is intelligible ; young mothers who have learnt to put their trust in the hospital through the hospital nurse who helped them in their time of need ; and so the hot afternoon wears on.

The last patient had left the consulting-room, but business in the dressing-room was still flourishing when the senior nurse came in with a young girl patient, shut the door behind her and came up to the table where I was preparing to take accounts with the

gatekeeper. Quietly she told me how this girl—only fifteen years of age—had been attending for some weeks for daily dressings—irregularly, as I knew, for she seldom came to the consulting-room to have her medicine renewed—and that now, after much persuasion, her owner (for she was a girl for whom a price had been paid) had agreed to her coming into hospital as an in-patient. I looked at the girl and as I saw the mute appeal in that uplifted face, I prayed that the resolve I saw there might be strengthened and that her stay in hospital might be for her full salvation.

It was with a glad heart that I finally left the scene of our afternoon's labours and rejoiced that once again the hospital had proved the door into life eternal.

Are You Planning for Swanwick ?

And High Leigh

OUR plans for Swanwick are nearly all made and registration forms with draft programmes will be ready next month. It is your turn now. You will soon be planning for the summer, and every single person, man or woman, young or old, who has ever attended the L.M.S. Conference at Swanwick would advise you to be sure to make your plans so as to ensure your being at Swanwick from August 13th–19th.

We have been glad to hear of G.A. branches planning efforts to raise money to send delegates, and no doubt the Y.M.U. will be making some similar arrangement so that their branches may be well represented. In some individual cases the habit of putting aside a definite sum each week has been tried, so that it may be less difficult to find all that is required for fees and railway fare when August comes. Railway vouchers which enable members to get a return ticket for the amount of a single fare and a third will again be available. The fee is £3, of which 7s. 6d. must be sent with the registration form ; the remainder, £2 12s. 6d., may be paid at the Conference itself or when registering, which ever is the more convenient.

The Rev. F. H. Ballard, of Bristol

We are very glad indeed that the Rev. F. H. Ballard, minister of Highbury, Bristol, has promised to take the devotional half-hour each morning during the Conference. We were greatly disappointed in 1925 when illness prevented Mr. Ballard from being

with us. It would be difficult to estimate the value of this morning session in which we seek to gain a clearer understanding of the fundamental principles of our faith, and thus to equip ourselves more adequately for our missionary service of the Church. In Mr. Ballard we shall have a thoughtful speaker in close touch with the young people of to-day and their needs, and one well able to give the teaching and guidance that is looked for and that is so eagerly welcomed.

Leaders' and Campaign Officers' Conference at Hoddesdon

The fee for this Conference, from Friday evening, August 26th, up to and including lunch on Monday, August 29th, is £1 12s. 6d., of which 7s. 6d. registration fee must be sent with the registration form and the remainder may, if desired, be paid at the Conference. Registration forms will be ready next month.

The addresses and discussions will fall under the general title of "The Way of a Leader." With such a general subject we shall be especially fortunate in having as our Chairman the Rev. E. W. Franks, M.A. As a member for some years of the Society's staff in Calcutta, and later as a Director of the Society, Mr. Franks has a wide experience of missionary work and policy. He is now Chairman of the India Committee, and in June next becomes Chairman of the Board. We are very glad to have his promise to guide our Conference at High Leigh.

The Locarno Spirit in China

By "A. E. T."

[Founded on an incident which occurred in the Shantung Road Hospital, Shanghai, in May, 1926. The writer is not necessarily in agreement with the political sentiments of Henry Lau, but has tried to give a picture of the mind of a Chinese student imbued with nationalism.]



HENRY LAU sat in the crowded third-class compartment nodding as the train rumbled southwards into the night. He sat up on the hard, uncushioned seat as the train stopped with a jerk at some unknown station and tried to shift his cramped limbs a little, but the fat merchant whose head was continually dropping over on to Henry's left

shoulder and the farmer's wife who sat with her baby at her breast on his right were jammed up so close to him that movement was almost impossible. Henry sighed, thinking of the hours that must still drag out in that crowded and stifling cage before they could hope to reach Shanghai. Truly, it was a long journey from the north, and a longer one beyond Shanghai by sea to the south, to Canton, the city of his dreams. Life lately had meant so much moving about for him—all through the Northern Provinces, Peking, Anting, Liaoting, Tsingtao, Nanking—many other names rose up one after another to his drowsy consciousness as he thought of the life he had led and the places he had seen.

THE PATRIOT.

For a moment, he was almost tempted to wish himself back again in his quiet home in Kirin, in the far north, away from this restless life, back again in the places he knew so well, where life flowed on ever the same, as it had done for countless years. Then he saw himself again as a student in Moscow, remembered the five years spent in Russia and all he had learnt there, felt again the thrill of volcanic new life and hopes for new

freedom which had run through Russia in spite of all the horrors and excesses of the Revolution. Fired with ambition and with new social ideals, he remembered his return to China—his own land, the land of ancient sages and civilizations, in whose history a thing is counted as of yesterday if it is merely a century old. His life should be for China; to the last drain his energy, his gifts should be devoted to her and to the succour of her toiling millions.

HIS REFLECTIONS.

And now—where was China now? Of what avail had seemed all the efforts of himself and those likeminded with him? His hands clenched involuntarily as he thought of China, torn from north to south and from east to west by civil war; the common people looted again and again by the bandits whom no one had time to suppress, or the all-but-bandit soldiery that passed and came again. Teachers' salaries unpaid; police and public servants' pay in arrears; inadequate funds for everything; no stable government; proud China a laughing stock among the Governments of the West—he could not bear to think of it. And again Henry's mind wandered back over the history of the last eighty years. He brooded again over the wrongs that it seemed to him had been forced on his country by those cursed British and other foreigners from the West, not to mention Japan. Treaties forced at the point of the sword, refusal to recognise China's jurisdiction, revenues going into the pockets of the foreigners that should have been for the upkeep of her own government. And Britain, who pretended to be so righteous, Britain was the worst of all! What did she care for China? He remembered the two or three prosperous looking English business men he had seen at ease in their first-class sleeping cars when he boarded the train, remembered the half-condescension with which they had looked at him, the poor student-secretary who must endure the discomforts of this loose-box of a third-class carriage while they travelled in luxury. Yes, Britain was the arch-enemy, she and Japan, in league with one another.

GLEAMS OF HOPE.

But there were gleams of hope through all the chaos. Some patriots there were still who would lead—and he thought of

Sun Yat Sen's life of disinterested toil for his country, and of those in Canton who were carrying on his work and proclaiming his principles. He thought of Feng Yu Hsiang in the north, of his simple integrity, his marvellous work for and with his soldiers, his straightforward desire to serve and save his country. Yes, Christianity and patriotism could go hand in hand, without a doubt, though there were those who denied it. He, Henry Lau, baptized Christian worker, could bear witness to that.

Then Russia, too, would help, was helping. Surely her voluntary giving up of extra-territorial rights was a proof of her disinterested friendliness. Yes, hope was from the South and from Russia, and the first thing to do was to use every means to throw off the hated foreigners' yoke. Oh, those calmly superior Britishers!

So Henry drowsed and dreamed—and still the train rumbled on into the night, while the merchant's head nodded lower and the farmer's wife clasped her baby closer and slept again.

STRICKEN DOWN.

"A case in Casualty, Dr. Liang."

The coolie's close-cropped head disappeared and Dr. Liang rose from his bed with a grunt. It was only the seventh call he had had since going to bed; who would be a resident doctor in a big city hospital? He wondered what it was now—not another opium suicide, he hoped.

In the Receiving room five minutes later, Dr. Liang straightened himself after the brief examination and looked into the white face and pain-filled eyes of Henry Lau. "Yes, it's a serious case," he said, "we'll get the foreign doctor down to see you." A moment or two at the telephone, and then Dr. Liang turned again to his patient. "You say you were taken ill quite suddenly? Tell me how it happened." And so Henry described how he had been waiting in Shanghai for the boat for Canton when he had begun to feel so ill. "I had a friend in Shanghai," he said, "and so I sent for him at once. I knew enough about sickness to know I must get to a good doctor as soon as possible, and Mr. Ting here told me that I could not do better than come to Shantung Road Hospital." But conversation was interrupted as a somewhat rumpled-looking foreigner entered in hastily donned clothes, and the next few minutes were occupied with technicalities.

THE FOREIGNER ENTERS.

"Yes, Liang, you were quite right in your diagnosis. An acute case, and ought to be operated on at once."

"There's a bed in the Lalcaca Ward, isn't there, Liang?" the foreign doctor continued. "Send him up there, and tell the night sister to get the theatre boys up. Can you be ready in half an hour? I'm sorry to have to get everyone up at this unearthly time, but there's no help for it if we're going to save his life."

THE BETTER PATRIOT.

It was six weeks later, and Henry Lau, still pale and rather thin, but able to walk about again, was sitting in the sun by the ward window and talking to Mr. Woo, the head Chinese nurse.

"Yes, doctor said this morning I could go out to-morrow." "And where do you go to, Mr. Lau?" queried Mr. Woo, whose kindly interest in all his patients was well known. Henry looked thoughtful for a moment. "I was going south to Canton," he said, "but I've changed my plans and I'll go north now. The fact is," in a sudden burst of confidence, "I've had a new revelation since I came here. Ting, that night he brought me here, never told me anything about your foreign staff being Britishers or that they were missionaries; I don't think I should have come if I'd known, for I hated the name of Englishman and thought them all harsh and overbearing. But how can I go on believing this when I think of all that has been done for me in this hospital? I can't forget how the foreign doctors and nurses as well as the Chinese never grudged working for hours in the middle of the night to save my life. I have only had the kindest of treatment since I lay in the ward here, and every day I have seen so much of the friendly way in which you Chinese nurses and doctors work with the foreigners and so much sympathy shown to the helpless folk in the wards that I can no longer go on hating Britain and Englishmen." There was a pause. "And why go north?" queried Mr. Woo. Henry Lau's eyes took on a far-away look. "I know now that Britain is our friend, not our enemy, and I feel I must go and tell all my old associates what I have found. I know now that it is not hatred of the nations but friendship between us that will save our China."

HOME NOTES

The Profit of Self-Denial

THIS is our month of self-denial and of self-consecrating service. The week or so in which we strive to secure extra support for Medical Missions should be still a time of thanksgiving and self-denial. It will help every one of us along God's spiritual highway if through our L.M.S. medical appeal we renew our grateful gift of service, prayer and possession. The money that results from such a devotion of activity and life is twice blessed. "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." If at L.M.S. head-quarters we could find gifts coming from persons who had given up something in order to strengthen the Christlike work of doctors and nurses in the mission fields we should not only be thankful for the gifts, but praise God for the givers. Theirs is the money that counts when ultimate results are recorded.

Widened Interest

There is no doubt that interest in the Campaign is spreading. Ministers' bulletins are being used in five continents. The 1926 results, although handicapped by the coal dispute and its aftermath of depression, give confidence for 1927. But what of the Campaign's future?

What has been said is proof that we are on right lines in making this great Campaign primarily educational and informative. If we keep on with this we can rest assured that the whole level of missionary interest and support will be permanently raised. There must be no rest until the missionary enterprise is placed in the mid-stream of the life of our churches.

This means stressing two things continuously. First, the getting of four missionary items on the programme of every organisation in our church life every year. Our slogan still is—through knowledge to interest, and through more knowledge to missionary passion. Therefore, educate, educate, and still educate!

What have You done?

If a new spirit of missionary endeavour is the fruit of our L.M.S. campaign it is surely at this time that its evidence will be forthcoming. A real care for men in the spirit of Jesus Christ must begin in a personal effort. We cannot exhort others to a form of service to which we have not ourselves first yielded. Everyone who reads these notes pleading for a deeper

and more sacrificial care for L.M.S. Medical Missions may first ask themselves (as the writer must), what have you done? Have you given up anything for the healing of stricken men, women and children in a pain-filled world? For everyone has something to offer, since in these days there are so many things we may give up! Pleasures we can review, of course, but more than pleasures—a week without one of the commonplaces of life for Christ's sake would be a week well-pleasing to God, helpful to ourselves and to man.

Medical Week

At least, therefore, during the week from February 13th to 20th let us have in our bag or in our pocket our L.M.S. envelope or two, into which we may place our self-denial offerings. Let us do more than this if we can, but this for certain, so that we may have our part in the work done for others in our missionary hospitals. Each *piece* put in with prayer, whether it be copper or silver or note. Every missionary secretary should have a stock of the medical week envelopes in hand. Write at once for more if your stock is insufficient. And expect big things. Make the L.M.S. motto for all 1927 work, "better than ever before." Teach this lesson of self-denial to the children, and let the whole school and family and church join in this fine piece of spiritual and practical service. A tobacco-less, sweetless, cinema-less week on the part of our people for the work of Christ in mission hospitals might in itself support their work for many months. Is it not worth the trial?

How to answer Critics

The Medical Missions week in February may be a fine training period for the great effort which March will demand if we are to close the L.M.S. financial year without a deficit. It is time we reached such a conclusion once again. It is six years since we last accomplished this, and 1927 would be a year of note if we made that big stride forward. During February let us think steadily of the possibility of doing so. The thought of what may happen if we take a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether will help the effort. There could be no answer so forcible given to the shallow and but half-Christian criticisms of the indifferent and ignorant such as this would provide.

A Succourer of Many

Mary (May) Milledge
Died December 31, 1926, Aged 52

"Whose tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done."

SO sang Coventry Patmore, and May Milledge was assuredly one of those of whom he sang.

Her whole life was a loyal acceptance of duty, duty so cheerfully accepted, even when the performance of it meant the taking up of the cross of sacrifice, and so beautifully done that the light of her devoted spirit transfigured every action of her life, and revealed itself in the sweet tranquillity of her face—a tranquillity deepened and not destroyed by the months of pain and weakness which shadowed the close of her life.

The radiance of that life, in its utter self-abnegation and devotion, will be remembered and cherished by all who knew her.

Few missionaries have been more signally dedicated to the land of their adoption than Mrs. Milledge. Her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Sibree, were among that band of missionaries who recommenced work in Madagascar after the close of the persecution. At their home in the royal village of Ambôhimànga, May was born—second of a family of five children, four of whom became missionaries of the L.M.S. Truly a family record of which any parents might be proud!

A good Malagasy Speaker

In her childhood, the little maid not only learnt the native language, but learnt to understand and love the people among whom she lived, so that when, after some years spent in England at school at Sevenoaks, she returned to Madagascar, she was singularly well equipped for her life-work. Her return to Madagascar was "going home" to her, in a very real sense.

Her command of the Malagasy language, and her facility in speaking the vernacular were a very valuable asset to her in her work. She spoke the language as a Malagasy and not as a foreigner; and of how few missionaries can that be said?

Married and Widowed

Her marriage to her cousin, the Rev. Percy Milledge, an ardent young missionary also appointed to Madagascar, was her crowning joy, and for five years the young couple laboured devotedly together in the lonely country village to which they went as bride and bridegroom. There the first great sorrow of her life occurred, when

Percy Milledge, after only five years of service, five years of spending himself to the uttermost for the Kingdom of Christ in Madagascar, died of typhoid fever, loved and revered by a large circle of colleagues and Malagasy Christians.

The young wife, left alone in that remote station, with her little daughter and baby son, continued her husband's work with great courage and ability until her furlough fell due, when she brought the little fatherless children to Eltham and Sevenoaks, and then returned herself alone to the land now doubly dear to her.

From this time forward Mrs. Milledge was an Arthington missionary, engaged in various forms of work, first in Anjozôrobé, and later in opening up an entirely new mission in the dark Tsimihéty tribe.

At Anjozôrobé

Her home in Anjozôrobé was a small native house at the extreme end of the village street. It was rather damp, often unbearably hot and always noisy; but Mrs. Milledge never felt for a moment that she was doing anything remarkable in accepting it as her home.

She was among the people, as she wished to be; damp and heat counted as nothing, so crowded were her days with joyful service. "Cosy Nook," as her parents, with a touch of humour, christened the unattractive little house, became a little heaven on earth, a refuge for the sad and suffering, a rest-house for weary pilgrims, a Bethel to many sin-worn souls. It was often thronged from morning till night, and the radiant spirit of its mistress illumined even that dingy house until one came to think of it as the brightest spot in the village. From "Cosy Nook" Mrs. Milledge took frequent long journeys into the surrounding district, without companion and without fear.

From village to village she travelled, gathering the young girls and women around her for a simple sewing class and Bible story, preaching in every village church, talking and praying with those who clustered round her in the huts, and availing herself of every possible opportunity of "speaking a good word for Jesus Christ."

She was often weary when home was reached again, but always radiant, for these

A Succourer of Many

journeys were the opportunity she coveted, and these wandering children guided into the way of truth were her crown and her rejoicing. However weary herself, she was never too weary to respond to an appeal for help. She was very truly "a succourer of many."

Furlough and Loss

Her next furlough brought further sorrow, in the death of the dear daughter, Marjorie, at Sevenoaks. Few have been more "acquainted with grief," but from each fresh sorrow she emerged serene, strengthened by her living faith in her Father's love and wisdom; and as each sorrow passed it left a clearer radiance in her heart and a deeper tranquillity in her shining dark eyes, until those who saw her, saw often "no man any more, but Jesus only."

And so she came to the last great venture of faith, and offered herself as the first missionary to the Tsimihéty, an unevangelised tribe occupying a low-lying and unhealthy district in the northern part of the island. It was the work she loved and the work she was peculiarly fitted for, and with high hopes she set out on the long and trying journey, accompanied by the newly appointed missionary, Mr. J. T. Jones, whose young wife, alas! so soon laid down her life. For one year only, Mrs. Milledge was permitted to labour among those dark people, but in that short time she rendered invaluable assistance to the young missionary in the founding of the new Mission, proving herself a skilful administrator, a

wise counsellor and a true comrade. Illness intervened which necessitated her removal to Tananarive. During her three years in the capital she prepared for the press a translation of the Gospel of St. Luke in the Tsimihéty tongue—the first translation of the Scriptures to be given to the people in their own dialect, and which had been made by Rakotojaona, a native evangelist, who had been stationed among the Tsimihéty people.

A Conquering Spirit

Her work among the wives of our L.M.S. College students was carried on, almost to the last, the ardent spirit conquering the weakness of the suffering body, and it was only when ordered home—to die—that May Milledge laid down her God-given work.

There will be unspeakable sorrow in many hearts when the news of her death reaches Madagascar. She was *ray-aman-dreny* ("father and mother") to a host of Christ's little ones, in that her beloved land.

May Milledge has entered in. What a welcome must have been hers on the other side from the number of those whose feet she had guided into the paths of righteousness! These are her crown of rejoicing, and these surely are they who would greet her at the gates of the City. "And when they were come up to the gate, there was written over it in letters of gold, Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the City."

Rev. Frederick W. Walker

A Life for Papua

THE Rev. Frederick William Walker was born at Hull, in December, 1860, and, when he entered Cheshunt College, was a member of Hope Street Congregational Church, Hull. In 1888 the Directors appointed him to Papua, and he sailed in July of that year with his college friend, Harry M. Dauncey. A year later saw the beginning of a remarkable piece of work and comradeship at Kwato between Fred Walker and Charles Abel, who also hailed from Cheshunt College. Between them they transformed a desert island into a place of beauty and utility. Both were firmly convinced that the best way of converting the savage into a useful and respectable member of society was to train him to use his hands

and his brain in industrial pursuits. This conviction led Fred Walker, in 1902, to risk everything by leaving the Society's service to found the Papuan Industries, Ltd. As an advocate of this scheme he was a convincing and picturesque pleader, and his stories of Papuan characteristics will not be easily forgotten by those who heard them. In 1903 he married Miss Rosalie Wilson, of Sheffield, and deepest sympathy will be entertained for her in her great loss. Fred Walker led many Papuans into paths of industry and self-support, and first and last his aim was that they might become followers of Christ. His death will leave a great gap in the ranks of those who are labouring for the regeneration of the backward races.

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